

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1878.

## The Week.

MR. BLAINE, in his attack on Mr. Schurz, apropos of the Montana lumber troubles, made a point of Mr. Schurz's having been born in Prussia, which is, he said, a much smaller country than Montana; the inference being that to deal properly with the lumber question the Secretary of the Interior should, if of foreign birth, have been born in a state at least as large as that in which the alleged depredations on Government property have been committed. There is one other little peculiarity of Prussia which the Senator did not mention, but which has far more bearing on this case than the smallness of its superficial area. If the President of the Lower House of the Landtag were convicted on his own admission of having officially ruled in favor of speculators, and called their attention to it that they might pay him for it, and had denied all connection with a speculative scheme which was seeking legislation in the House over which he presided, and in which it afterwards turned out that he was largely involved, far from being promoted to the Upper House, he would not only be expelled from the army, or the civil service, or the legislature, but he would have to withdraw totally from public life. More than this, he would be expelled from the parlors and dining-rooms of honorable men, and would be grateful for the undisturbed obscurity of a private station in a country village. Moreover, if the German Government, knowing what we in this country know of Mr. Blaine's career, heard he was about to be born on German soil, it would take means to impose the event on the territory of some weaker power, and he would probably come into the world a Belgian, or Dane, or Dutchman. Let us add, finally, that while no man can determine the place of his birth, it is every man's duty to see that his life reflects credit on it; and this duty, it seems to us, Mr. Schurz has discharged, while Mr. Blaine has grossly neglected it.

The Maine Senator had hardly finished his lumber speech when he was assailed by Dr. Woolsey, of New Haven, who showed in a short letter to the *Tribune*, by the citation of several authorities, that international arbitrators sit under the doctrines of the Roman law, and that the rule is well settled that, in the absence of any stipulation to the contrary, a majority shall decide. It appears, too, that the choice of M. Delfosse was concurred in by our Government with strong official expressions of gratification and esteem, so that Mr. Blaine's attack on him was apparently made without obtaining proper information as to the facts; or, in other words, was both ignorant and wanton. Indeed, the last week seems to have been the worst in the Senator's recent blundering career. His course since he left the Speaker's chair has been that of a smart but ill-bred boy, with a smattering of some kinds of knowledge and a determination to attract notice somehow. To no serious subject of legislation does either he or the class of Senators to which he belongs seem to give any care or attention. All their powers, such as they are, seem now absorbed in getting up little "hits" and "digs" at the Administration, and they hold their sides as they laugh over each other's little jokes, like that wonderful one of Mr. Blaine's in which he showed that certain Montana petitioners evidently thought, from the form of their address, the Secretary of the Interior a greater power than the House or Senate.

Mr. Evarts has sent a circular to American representatives abroad directing them to call the attention of the governments to which they are accredited to the passage of the Silver Act, and to invite them to the Conference which that Act proposes "for the purpose of adopting a common ratio between gold and silver," so as "to

establish internationally the use of bi-metallic money and secure fixity of relative value between those metals"; the Conference to take place whenever any three of the governments thus invited agree to the same. He informs our ministers likewise that the President, having expressed in his annual message to Congress "his opinion in favor of maintaining silver as one of the two precious metals which furnish the coinage of the world, and keeping up to as full a measure as possible the volume of the two precious metals as our intrinsic money," and the Silver Act "having passed by very great majorities of both Houses," "the policy of this country in support of bi-metallic money may be considered as decided." He says also that "the position of this country commercially" gives it a paramount interest in the proper adjustment of the two precious metals as "the intrinsic and universal money of foreign trade." We do not well know what Mr. Evarts means by "intrinsic money," but we must point out to him and to the ministers who have to present this scheme to foreign governments that his account of the policy of this country, as expressed by the Silver Act, is not strictly accurate. The bill does not provide for the circulation of the two metals side by side in this country or anything like it. That can only be done by so fixing, and from time to time re-fixing, the relative value of gold and silver coins, that one shall be as attractive as the other as legal tender; or, in other words, that it shall not be more profitable to export the one than the other. The Silver Bill does nothing of the kind. It makes or leaves gold from eight to ten per cent. more valuable than silver, and makes silver a legal tender for all amounts, so that when silver gets fully into circulation gold must disappear, under Gresham's Law, and silver become our only "intrinsic money," unless there is a considerable rise in its market value. This is not a matter of speculation, it is a matter of fact; and we trust Mr. Welsh, Mr. Taylor, and General Noyes, at least, will not act on Mr. Evarts's instructions without mastering the subject for themselves and being prepared for the answer which they will probably receive from English, German, and French financiers.

The thing for them to say—if we may venture to make the suggestion—is that the recent legislation, by its restrictions on the coining power of the Treasury, will practically leave the question which metal is to serve as the currency of the United States, open for two years or thereabouts; that after that, unless other governments join us in the adoption of a double standard, we shall be thrown back on a single standard of silver, and that it is for their advantage as well as ours to join us while we still have any gold, or the means of getting any, in taking measures to insure the joint circulation of the two metals in so far as careful international rating can do it. We do not say that an appeal of this kind will be successful, but we do say that it is the only statement we can make which will convince foreign financiers that we understand the problem.

The importations of United States bonds from Europe continue on a large scale. These, together with the importation of £400,000 silver bullion, advanced the rates for bills on London from 4.85 to 4.87 for sixty-day and from 4.87 to 4.89 for demand drafts. The specie-shipping point is about 4.89½, so that it may be said that the Silver Bill has reversed the exchanges within twenty days, the extent of the reversal being from the point at which gold could be imported to nearly that at which it could be exported. The £400,000 bills bought to pay for silver were on account of a Treasury operation; the Secretary found silver to be cheaper in London than in any part of this country, since the financial magnates of the Pacific coast would have it so. The gold market is still weighed down with an enormous stock—about \$40,000,000—and with no demand for it except for customs, which takes from \$2,000,000 to \$2,500,000 per week. At the Stock Exchange there was a strong market for speculative shares, in consequence of the prevailing opinion that Congress

is bent on some kind of inflation. The gold value of the "paper dollar" at the close of the week was \$0.9876. The bullion value of the new silver dollar was 91½ and 92 cents gold. These dollars appeared in small amounts during the week and ruled at about par in gold—which, of course, they will continue to do until there is an adequate supply of them; then they will begin to sink to their bullion value.

The real silver-men have already begun to perceive the inherent treachery and fraud of the present Silver Act and the mockery of cheap money which it offers. The House Committee on Banking has accordingly reported in favor of legislation compelling the Treasury to issue certificates at par against the deposit of silver bullion, like the gold certificates now issued. This would get rid at one blow of the restrictions on the injection of silver into the circulation created by the limitations which the Act now in operation places on the coining powers of the Treasury, and also of any limitation imposed by the temporary scarcity of mints. It is true that the Committee do not propose to make the certificates a legal tender for anything but Government dues, but they would nevertheless constitute a working addition to the circulation, and would furnish a market to the silver dealers in which they would be able to share in the profit now made by the Government on the coinage. It looks more and more, in fact, as if "the money power" had got the better of "the people" in this last bit of legislation also. We would suggest, as a means of making the issue of certificates a final and complete measure of relief, that the Government should be compelled to issue them, bullion or no bullion, to the amount say of \$10 a head of population, or \$400,000,000 in all, and divided on that basis among members of Congress for distribution in their respective States and Territories, to all adult citizens not lunatics or convicts. In no other way that we know of can the poor man get his share of the national money, or the money be applied on the very axle of "the wheels of industry."

The Senate listened on Wednesday week to Mr. Blaine's tirade against Prussia, and passed the Military Academy Bill; on Monday it passed the Fortifications Bill, and confirmed without debate Mr. A. W. Beard as Simmons's successor in the Boston Custom-house; on Tuesday it granted the Woodruff speculation an American register. On the same day Mr. Blaine received still further enlightenment as to the law and the usage in regard to Government timber. Mr. Hoar showed him that it was not in charge of the Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Ingalls that the Land Office had charged stumpage to settlers in 1864. On Wednesday week the House passed the Consular Appropriations Bill, and the Bennett American Register Bill; on Thursday, by 118 to 116, the bill to extend the time for the payment of the tax on whiskey in bond; and on Saturday it struck out the enacting clause of the bill in the interest of the ante-bellum mail-contractors at the South. The bill has since been reintroduced in a new form.

The Committee of Ways and Means finished the revision of Mr. Wood's Tariff Bill last week, and, it is said, are now applying the last touches, intending to report the amended bill to the House before the end of this week. The amendments agreed upon have been from time to time reported by the daily papers, but in so fragmentary and loose a manner that we deem it quite unsafe to venture upon a review in detail before the final text of the bill has been published. In the meantime there seems to be good ground for assuming that the original bill has been purged of its grossest imperfections and inconsistencies; many of the important articles now free, which the original bill proposed to render dutiable, appear to have been dropped and thereby restored to the free list, and the numerous changes that have been made in the rates of duties in most cases appear to have been adopted after fairly weighing the information given and the objections made to the Committee. We venture to say that the bill in its new shape will prove much more acceptable than the original draft, and will generally be con-

sidered a decided improvement on the present tariff. We do not believe that a detailed discussion in the House can improve it, and our Representatives will confer a boon on the mercantile community by promptly passing the bill and so making a speedy end to the existing uncertainty.

The final returns from the New Hampshire election last week show that Governor Prescott, the successful candidate of the Republicans, received about 1,000 majority against nearly 4,000 the year before, when, however, the total vote was larger by some 16,000. The result seems to have encouraged both wings of the Republican party in the State and out of it. On the one hand it is pointed out that Governor Prescott "believes in President Hayes," that he was nominated by a convention which endorsed Hayes's "policy," and threw cold water not unmixed with contempt on W. E. Chandler, and that the most active managers of the canvass were also conspicuous supporters of the Administration. On the other hand it is asserted that "the State has been saved by the Stalwart Republicans, and to them alone the credit for the victory is due"; that "in every town where there has been a strong Hayes element there have been large Republican losses"; and that the author of the famous definition of Chandler as "a political tramp" was defeated in caucus, and more miserably still at the polls, in Exeter, where he stood (rather than ran) as an independent candidate for representative to the Legislature. Chandler himself appears to have voted the regular ticket, and alone knows whence he expects his reward for his *brutum fulmen* against a renegade President. This is the last of the spring elections in New Hampshire, which yields at length to the prevailing November usage.

The discharge of Anderson by the Louisiana Supreme Court must make a good many Northern publicists feel rather foolish, and must make the President feel very glad that he did not write that remarkable letter to the Attorney-General which they thought he ought to write, or that he did not publish it if it was written. The Court has quashed the conviction on the ground that the "consolidated returns" in which Anderson was alleged to have committed the forgery are not a "public record" within the meaning of the statute, and that the Returning Board might have played tricks with them without affecting the general result. The "packing of the jury," on which our "stalwart" press relied so much, the Court says did not take place, and the trial, on information filed by the District Attorney, which came near causing several editors to take up arms on account of its monstrosity, it pronounces a regular and usual proceeding. But it did not consider the letter written by two of the "visiting statesmen" during the trial, and which seems to have got into the record, a regular or usual or respectable document, and expressed some proper contempt for it. We hope, however, the President did not say, as reported, on hearing of the decision, that the conduct of the Court had been "patriotic." If patriotism, or any other noble passion except a desire to administer the law as it stands, had anything to do with the decision, the Court is afflicted with the complaint which has made the Returning Board so notorious and offensive. We hope the President will now at least remove these two men—Anderson and Wells—from office. They are closely connected in the public mind with scandalous abuses; their character in the community in which they live is, apart from politics altogether, very bad, and their retention as Federal employees is a standing source of irritation.

There is another new charter for this city before the Legislature, this one being known as "the Daly Charter." It contains many admirable provisions—as the new ones always do—and is the thirty-ninth which has been submitted to the Legislature within the last thirty years. The calm and even hopeful enjoyment with which each one, as it has come forward, is discussed by the daily press is a pleasing spectacle in this busy and utilitarian age. What is most curious about this is that it would appear that what "the people" like in the way of city government is the discussion and



adoption by the Legislature of a charter and a third each year, while even the submission to their vote of a plan which provides a permanent charter would fill them with rage, and ruin everybody connected with it. Not only would they vote down such a thing, but they would never forgive anybody who asked them to look at it. As an illustration of the way the city is now governed, and one which Christian people everywhere will understand without any special knowledge of our municipal affairs, let us say that the city prison, the Tombs, is one of the most important of the municipal institutions, and makes as large demands as any of them on whatever civilization and humanity New York possesses. Its Warden ought to be one of our best citizens as regards skill and experience in the particular field of prison management, and as regards standing and character in the community. Well, the last Warden, who has just died, was simply an active, able-bodied ward politician, reaching his position through the usual experiences of the fire-company and the liquor-store caucus, and was famed mainly for his intimate acquaintance in a social way with the criminal population of the Sixth Ward. The person who is now most likely, it is said, to succeed him is Mr. Reese, a brass-finisher by trade, and an old volunteer fireman, who has been ever since the war a clerk in the Finance Department, then a deputy-sheriff under Brennan, and always an active Democratic politician, "with much influence in the Sixth Ward."

Governor Robinson, in his veto of the chapters of the new Code just passed by the Legislature, brings forward several strong reasons why the whole scheme should be given up and the old Code reenacted as it stood before. It seems, in the first place, that the Commissioners, instead of confining themselves to the work they were originally authorized to undertake, that of revising and consolidating the statutes, have set about an entire "upheaval" of an established system of legal procedure. In the second place, although "hundreds of amendments" to the Code as introduced by the Commissioners have already been found necessary to save the bill from "utter condemnation," the petitions in its favor admit the necessity of still further amendments. Many provisions show great haste or ignorance, and threaten the public with serious dangers if adopted. For instance, under the sections relating to arrest, it would appear that anybody is liable to arrest who has committed "an actionable act whereby the estate of another is lessened." The bill gives general equity powers to surrogates, a class of judges, as the governor points out, not usually chosen with great care nor possessing high qualifications. The chapter on summary proceedings to recover possession of lands (in use every day by landlords) "substantially destroys" that process altogether. The clauses embodying the "Civil Damages Act," which gives a remedy for injuries caused by the sale of intoxicating liquors, enlarge the scope of the law so as to give an action for the breach of a contract caused by the sale of liquor—a principle never heard of before, and impossible to apply in practice. By the sections relating to practice in surrogates' courts an allowance of five per cent. may in any contested case be made by the surrogate, at his discretion; *e. g.*, Mr. Calvin may in the Vanderbilt will case divide \$3,000,000 at his pleasure among the parties to the suit. From the foregoing it will be seen that the bill, while professing to be a mere revision of existing statutes, changes the body of the law itself, to what extent no one knows; and finally, not content with all this, the Commissioners have in a multitude of cases changed the existing language of the statutes, settled by repeated judicial construction, where no change in the purport of the law is intended. To cap the climax, the bill was passed by the Legislature without being read.

The Rev. John Jasper, of the Zion Colored Baptist Church, in Richmond, Va., the largest colored church in the city, proved on Sunday last out of the Bible that the sun moved and the earth stood still. One of his strongest corroborative arguments was that if the earth turned round, as the astronomers said it did, "the ocean would be spilled over the land." He warned his people solemnly against the philosophers, and that he carried conviction was shown

by the fact that when at the close he called on those who believed that the sun moved round the earth to hold up their right hands, every hand in the church was raised. It is impossible not to regard this, in the light of recent events, as part of the great movement now spreading over the country to give the poor and ignorant a fair chance in the solution of the leading problems of the day. A good many branches of knowledge have been kept until now in the hands of persons who have had leisure enough and money enough to study them, until the arrogance of this class has become intolerable. The people are, however, going to take the astronomy question into their own hands, as they have taken the money question, and the word of the honest, God-fearing laborer, no matter of what color, will soon go as far about the motions of the planets as that of the bloated astronomer in his luxurious observatory with his costly instruments, which never would have existed but for the toil of the industrious mechanic. A good deal of public money goes now to the maintenance of him and his paraphernalia which could be far better spent in beautifying or cheering humble homes.

Fortune seems to be steadily favoring the new régime in France. The bill regulating the state of siege has passed the Senate with but trifling modification by a majority of 153 to 100. No executive officer can now proclaim martial law in any part of France except in case of invasion and in the actual presence of the enemy, and he must promptly seek the sanction of the legislature even for this. One of the greatest terrors of the late crisis is thus removed. This happy adhesion of the majority of the Senate to the Ministry has been brought about by the secession of twenty Senators from the group of thirty-three known as Constitutionalists, and who during the late crisis acted with the Legitimists and Bonapartists up to the moment when Marshal McMahon began to talk of another dissolution. It was their positive refusal to sanction anything of the kind which, it is now known, finally prepared the Marshal for surrender. Since the downfall of the Broglie-Fourtou Ministry they have been becoming more and more doubtful about the propriety of continuing in the old alliance, and these doubts have been strengthened by their increasing satisfaction with the Dufaure Ministry; so a fortnight ago twenty of them abandoned the Legitimist and Bonapartist Right, and declared that they would vote hereafter "according to the inspiration of their conscience and their patriotism." This gives the Ministry a good working majority in both Houses. Another piece of good luck for M. Dufaure is to be found in the fact that at fifteen new elections, ordered in districts where the Conservative candidates have been unseated for bribery and intimidation, the Republicans have carried all but four seats.

The news from Turkey has as yet nothing decisive in it. But Russia is evidently not going to leave anything to luck, and has been pushing troops round Constantinople to the Bosphorus, which she may now be said to hold firmly, having reached at least the neighborhood of Buyukdere with a considerable force, where she has a torpedo flotilla, on which, however, she denies there are any torpedoes, but there can hardly be much doubt that there is a supply of them not very far off. As the Turkish water-batteries are open on the land side she can, of course, occupy them whenever she pleases, and indeed may be said to have secured the Black Sea against the entrance of the British fleet, which, on the other hand, has been heavily reinforced. Negotiations are still going on as to what Russia will submit to the Congress. The reports about these are very confused, but the fact seems to be that Russia offers to read the treaty to the Congress, and then to debate which articles are of European interest and which not, and with this Austria and Germany are disposed to be content. England, on the other hand, insists that Russia shall bind herself before going into the Congress to submit the entire treaty to the Powers for their sanction and revision; and the talk even of the London *Times* on this point is warlike. It is more than likely that if England fights for this she will fight without allies.

## SENATOR MATTHEWS'S PACIFIC-RAILROAD BILL.

WE have already pointed out the principal objection to the bill reported by Senator Matthews from the Senate Committee on Railroads to create a sinking fund for the liquidation of the Government bonds advanced to the Union and Central Pacific Railroad Companies—namely, that it proposes to enact a law now to meet a contingency occurring a long time hence, and that it extends for a further period of twenty-five years a subsidy which does not come due till about the year 1900. In other words, the bill projects itself over a period of forty-five years, and in such a manner that, once passed, Congress cannot again resume control of the matter except in the event that the railroad companies fail to comply with its terms. This is a violent and wide departure from the spirit of previous Pacific-Railroad legislation, every step of which has been guarded by reservations of absolute control on the part of Congress, the wisdom of which cannot be gainsaid. Whether without these reservations Congress would have such control may be a debatable question. That such control is now held was conclusively shown by Senator Davis, of Illinois, in his brief and lucid speech on the 12th inst. The drift of Senator Matthews's bill, and still more that of his speech, implies that it is a desirable thing that the Government should cease to be the master of these corporations and should descend to an equality with them in all future relations, provided they continue to give the Government a preference in the way of transportation, and to charge no higher rates to the Government than to private parties, and to make the contributions to the sinking fund stipulated in the bill. Upon these slender considerations the bill proposes that the United States shall abdicate its present attitude towards these companies, which is none other than that of a sovereign, and become merely the John Doe or Richard Roe of future lawsuits.

But this is not all. The bill provides that the payments mentioned shall be in lieu of all payments now required from these companies on account of the subsidy bonds. That is, it makes a very considerable change in the relations which have existed between the Government and the companies since the year 1862. The payments now required to be made (not for sinking-fund purposes but for actual reimbursement) are five per cent. of the net earnings and one half of the Government transportation account, amounting at the present time to \$666,000 per annum for the Union Pacific and \$500,000 per annum for the Central Pacific. This sum of \$1,166,000 per annum the bill proposes to release to the companies by turning it into a sinking fund, and allowing them six per cent. interest upon it compounded semi-annually. The inexpediency of radically changing the terms and mode of payment after they have been in operation more than fifteen years—that is, more than half the lifetime of the subsidy—ought to be apparent to any lawyer. No change should be made except upon the gravest consideration; yet the only one which appears upon the face of the bill is that the companies are thereby released from very considerable payments which they are required to make under existing laws, *pari passu* with the disbursements from the Treasury of interest on the subsidy bonds.

The public are not disposed to deal harshly with these companies. Notwithstanding some very considerable provocations, among which may be recalled the *Crédit-Mobilier* transactions, the refusal of the companies to pay the 5 per cent. quota of their net earnings, and the evil spectacle they present with their crowd of lobbyists every year in Washington, there seems to be no disposition anywhere to take vengeance upon them or to subject them to any injustice. But we question whether public opinion will sanction any measure which extends the present subsidy beyond its maturity. It is difficult to see upon what ground opposition to railroad subsidies in general could be based if a subsidy to two wealthy corporations having twenty years to run were now extended twenty-five years longer, or even one year. After the existing subsidy comes due, any extension of it is a new subsidy, the same as the subsidy now asked by the Texas Pacific Company. The voice of the country is distinctly against this subsidy; but what better claim has the op-

posing corporation, the Central Pacific Railway Company of California, to a subsidy commencing in the year 1900 and running to 1925? Many bills to accomplish this end have been before Congress at various times, but none has been so objectionable in this regard as that of Senator Matthews. The Gordon Bill in the last Congress, which the railroad lobbyists used every exertion to pass, granted an extension of only ten or twelve years, and it was understood they were willing to compromise on seven. Under the Gordon Bill, it is true, they received the benefit of compound interest during the extended time, while under the Matthews Bill they receive it only till the year 1900. Under the Matthews Bill, however, they are to receive compound interest till the year 1900 on payments which they are required to make now, by virtue of the Act of 1862; and for this concession we can see no defence whatever.

The rational method of dealing with this subject is to leave existing laws as they are, and to require the companies to set apart a portion of their earnings each year to ensure the ultimate payment of the subsidy. This the companies will consent to do, unless they intend to cheat; and if they intend to cheat they should be dealt with as other cheats are dealt with. To leave existing laws as they are is to leave the 5 per cent. clause, the Government transportation clause, and the clause relating to the maturity of the subsidy undisturbed. What it may be wise to do when the subsidy matures the present generation cannot know, and it is only a very presumptuous person who will undertake to legislate for so remote an eventuality. We may fairly suppose that our children will be able to extend these subsidies when the time comes, if extension is desirable. All we can properly do is to take such measures that the mortgaged property shall continue to be worth the debt, that the earnings shall not be wasted, that the roads shall not go to ruin, and that the security shall not be impaired. These principles are embodied in the bill of the Senate Judiciary Committee with great care, and, we may add, with great moderation. The Matthews bill, reported by the Railroad Committee, is a subsequent conception apparently hostile to the Judiciary Committee's bill, and evidently satisfactory to the two railroad corporations concerned, because it is not to take effect at all without their written consent. Consequently, the public may look for an animated and perhaps angry controversy in the Senate, for it is seldom that so much money as these bills involve comes into dispute without leading to exhibitions of bad temper. Under the circumstances we can only consider the Matthews bill as the railroad companies' bill, not meaning that it is exactly the kind of bill they would draw if the matter were left wholly to them, but that as between the two bills pending this is the one they will exert themselves to pass. A strong presumption exists therefore that it is not favorable to the Government, and this presumption is fully warranted by an examination of the text.

## THE POSITION OF AUSTRIA IN THE EASTERN CRISIS.

THE European news appears to indicate that Austria is placed, if possible, in a position of greater difficulty by the Turco-Russian Treaty than England herself, and that this difficulty has been considerably aggravated by Prince Bismarck's late speech. The Treaty is objectionable to Austria on various grounds. She dislikes the retrocession of the piece of Bessarabia to Russia, as giving her, in combination with the creation of the Bulgarian Principality, the control of the Lower Danube. Then, the new Principality bids fair to be a close dependence of Russia. It is already in the hands of a Russian administrator, and is being organized on the Russian plan. The newly-appointed officials are Bulgarians who have been educated in Russia. The new native army or militia is to be officered largely, if not wholly, by Russians, and the Russian troops are to remain in occupation for six months at least. The enlargement of Servia, too, is not welcome, as strengthening another Slavic principality which will be largely under Russian influence. Finally, the proposal to give Montenegro the port of Antivari is looked on as simply another way of providing Russia with a naval station on the Adriatic.

In considering the best mode of dealing with these difficulties,



Count Andrassy finds himself met by the fact that the Slavs of the Empire are quite ready to have him plunge into the fray and take everything Slavic that Russia is willing to let him have. The Magyars, on the other hand, would fain have him join England in depriving Russia of her conquests, while the Germans would like him to imitate the waiting policy of the German Empire. It was natural that under these circumstances Prince Bismarck's speech should have been looked for with considerable anxiety at Vienna. That it should have been expected to contain some words of comfort for Austria was inevitable, in view of the Chancellor's explicit declaration at the close of 1875 that Austria's interests were those of Germany, and that "if war should arise out of the Turkish complications German neutrality would cease if Austria were to be involved or vitally wounded in the struggle," in which case "Germany would intervene to preserve the existence of the Hapsburg Empire in its present shape and extent"; for "the unimpaired existence of the Austrian Empire was indispensable for the security of Germany." He wound up by saying that "were the Eastern question to kindle a war between Austria and Russia, whatever the issue of the campaign, Austria might count on their [our] arms for the preservation of her integrity." Count Andrassy, on the 19th of February, communicated formally to the Austrian and Hungarian parliaments the belief of the Ministry that Austrian interests were vitally menaced by the Turco-Russian Treaty, which would be treated by Austria as null and void unless approved by the Powers in Congress. On the same day, however, Prince Bismarck made his speech to the German Parliament, of which we have already given a summary, in which he said, with the utmost frankness, that the Treaty was not, and was not likely in any way to become, a German affair, and that at all events if there was to be a fight over it Germany would keep out of it. Curiously enough, this was accompanied or followed by numerous courteous articles in the semi-official or "inspired" press, advising Austria to enter on her great mission of civilizing the semi-barbarous peoples of Eastern Europe.

Bismarck's oratory is so novel, and at the same time so pregnant, that the analysis and interpretation of it have become a sort of specialty among Continental politicians, and may almost be said to have produced a school of commentators. Its ruggedness and directness, and almost savage indifference to the old *convenances*, have given his speeches somewhat the air of a pugilist's practice with the clubs; so that most people crowd to listen to him more for the sake of seeing the play of the great muscles under the silken skin than in the expectation of learning anything. The one thing he makes plain is that he is looking after German interests, and that Germany neither fears nor has any reason to fear anybody. But a good many critics are of opinion that by observing him closely, year by year, a fair estimate of his foreign policy may be got at, and the deduction that these experts now draw from the apparent contradiction between his language in 1875 and his recent declarations is that he does not look for any trouble between Austria and Russia—that is, he knows that one or the other, and probably Russia, will yield whatever Austria requires, and that therefore there is no need to declare himself on either side, or mar that cordial understanding which he says still exists between the three Emperors; and his reticence counts for more than Andrassy's outspokenness. His phrase, "*beati possidentes*," applied to Russia, excited a good deal of alarm in England, as it looked as if he had been reading the Bible in the Vulgate in his retirement at Varzin, many people supposing the phrase to have been extracted from some obscure portion of the Hebrew Scriptures, and used cynically to express his heartfelt sympathy with the strong man who has got what he wants and means to keep it. It turns out, however, to be merely a phrase from Heinzeccius, the German law-student's Blackstone, and is but a terse rendering of our phrase that "possession is nine points of the law."

There is, in fact, no reason as yet to abandon the theory which we reproduced in these columns at an early period in the war, that he expects to use the present crisis in making Austria a more distinctly Slavic power than she is now. Russian demands at

the Conference will probably be supported sufficiently to reconcile Austria to the idea of seeking compensation, say, in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Turkish retention of which, when cut off by the intervening territory of Bulgaria, will hereafter seem quite shadowy, and which must in the natural order of things fall into Austrian hands. Already there are ominous stories of meetings of the Bosnian beys, or great Mussulman land-holders, for the purpose of seeking annexation to Austria. It is added, by way of making the scheme seem more feasible, that as these gentlemen are all of Slavic blood, and only became Mussulmans at the time of the Turkish conquest to save their estates, and have never been very fanatical in their devotion to the Prophet, though full of hatred for the rayahs, they would have no great difficulty now in going back to the faith of their ancestors. This plan is rendered all the more attractive by the fact, which is generally perceived, that Austria's constitution is not equal to the strain of such a situation as that through which she is now passing, and its weakness must show itself still more markedly in war than in peace. The Austrian army, even when it has had a united government at its back, has been since the beginning of the century the most unfortunate, considering its bravery and discipline, in Europe. A very competent critic, Major Adams, an Englishman, who served for many years under the Austrian flag, and was afterwards Professor of Military History at the Staff College in England, explains in his recently-published, valuable work, "*Great Campaigns in Europe*," the causes of its weakness, and they are causes which in a conflict with Russia must tell more seriously than ever before. They are, he says, the heterogeneous character of the material which fills the ranks; the absence of national spirit; the want of individual independence, and the difficulties of language which separate the soldier from his officers. The admirable qualities shown by the Austrian army in defeat he attributes to the "high spirit, devotion, and *esprit de corps* of the regimental officers." The troops, he says, vary greatly in quality, however, the best being those recruited in the German provinces. All these defects would probably come out more strongly in a contest with Russia than with any other power. The only portion of the population which would enter into it heartily would be the Magyars and Poles, who are but a handful. The Bohemians, Croats, and other Slavs would display either their old indifference or positive hostility to the struggle, which, in case of victory, must, too, in any case, result in annexation on the side of Turkey, or else the assumption by Austria of the task Russia now has on her hands, and which, it must be remembered, would be equivalent to annexation: for Turkey cannot be restored. Though last not least, the peace has given Russia ports on the Black Sea, or, in other words, a secure maritime base, which takes away from Austria the power, which during the war made her so formidable, of acting directly on the Russian communications.

## TWO LONDON PLAYS.

LONDON, March 2, 1878.

IT is not often that an Englishman can honestly praise a dramatic performance given by English actors and actresses. The genius of the country is unfavorable to the stage. The countrymen of Shakspeare and of Sheridan can no longer compose, and the countrymen and countrywomen of Garrick and of Mrs. Siddons can no longer act. We have no first-rate performer in any of the departments of the mimetic art in Britain. The delineation of tragedy died with Macready. Comedy, now that Alfred Wigan has retired, has no worthy representative. In opera we have never succeeded, never even reached the second order of art. Farce and burlesque have many votaries and some successes; but the successes have owed their reputation rather to their physical than their intellectual qualities. And, after all, it is a poor country, dramatically speaking, that trusts to farce and burlesque for its greatest modern dramatic achievements. Yet it is so with us. France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, have all in recent years produced great performers in some department of this art. England has produced none. In the other arts—in painting, in poetry, in music, in fiction—we have fairly held our own. But we have not done this in acting. And while we have fallen away in this department we have not made up for it by our compositions for the

stage. As the power of performing seems to have deserted us, so the power of writing anything worthy of being performed has gone also. Whether the indifferent acting is the cause of the indifferent writing, or the indifferent writing of the acting, is a nice question. The mystery of cause and effect is not in this case easy to unravel. The fact remains that we have very little original talent in the way of acting, and none in the way of writing. We go to France for our plays, and the most original actor we have had for a long time is Mr. Jefferson, an American. Some people explain away our shortcomings in this respect by throwing the obloquy on the theatrical managers. They take no pains. All they want is something that will suit the taste—not a sensitive or highly-trained taste—of the English public, and fill the houses, and have a run of many nights. There is one piece at the present time that has had an uninterrupted run of more than one thousand nights, or some three years and a half. It is a silly, vulgar piece, with little humor, and it is indifferently acted. But it has hit the mark, and solid tradesmen and their giggling daughters go night after night to see the representation of one of their own class aping the airs and ways of a man of a different social class, and night after night they appear to enjoy the wretched man's discomfiture. In this case the manager has achieved a success. But this is an accident. As a rule these potentates do not go about their business in a business-like way. They do not engage a playwright to produce a play some twelve months hence, which shall be carefully and frequently rehearsed and appropriately put upon the stage. They suddenly find their audiences diminishing, and it dawns upon them that they want something new. They order a play to be ready in six weeks, very much as they would order a suit of clothes. The unfortunate playwright casts about for an inspiration, and rushes off to Paris, where he sees something that may be toned down to suit British prejudices. He makes his arrangements, adapts the piece, and brings it to his manager. The latter throws it on the stage without adequate preparation, in a half-cooked fashion. He trusts to his luck and to the friendly criticism of not impartial newspapers, and hurries the thing through without forethought or preparation, and it is either a hit or a miss, as circumstances turn up.

But amid all this theatrical chaos one of our theatres—the Prince of Wales's—stands out as a sample of successful management. It is conducted on radically different principles. In this house everything, down to the smallest detail, is attended to with intelligence and carried out with taste and enterprise. If anything might be said against the management, it is that attention to detail is sometimes overdone, and little knick-knackeries of furniture and upholstery are introduced in excess into the scenery and stage decorations. This, however, is a fault on the right side. This house is owned, I believe, as well as managed, by Mrs. Bancroft, who, as Miss Marie Wilton, has been long a favorite, and deservedly so, of the theatre-going public. No one can call Mrs. Bancroft a great comedian; but, for an Englishwoman of our degenerate—theatrical degenerate—days, she has talent, and, if she manages the theatre by her own unaided exertions, she has high administrative faculties. For some time this house has been esteemed the best in London. It earned its reputation by its successful performances of modern English comedy as exhibited by the late Mr. Robertson, whose plays, "Caste," "School," "Ours," and "Play," commonplace though they are when put alongside of the higher efforts of the last century, hold a fair place among the dramatic results of late years. The company of the Prince of Wales's has absorbed whatever talent there is on the London boards, and the management has secured what does not exist in any other house in England—namely, that every part, even the most subordinate, shall be well rendered. And it is here and in the careful arrangement and furnishing of the stage that this house excels. A dialogue between a housemaid and a boy in buttons is as well given as an emotional scene between the hero and heroine, and the arrangement of the Chippendale chairs and the old china of a modern English room is as minutely cared for as the marshalling of a great tableau at the Grand Opera in Paris. Mrs. Bancroft herself not unfrequently takes the humblest parts, and her husband, who ranks high among such comedians as we have, made a successful hit in a recent play given in this house by his rendering of the subordinate character of an English butler on the Continent—a small part for a man of his position in the theatrical world, but well worth doing, even as an example of the way in which the management is conducted.

Of late years English adaptations of successful French pieces have been the staple performances in this house. The company made one attempt at the "legitimate drama." They tried the "Merchant of Venice," but it was a conspicuous failure. The audiences who delight in Robertson and in

Anglicized editions of Sardou, are too critical to appreciate Shakspeare reduced to the Robertsonian level and looked at through Robertsonian spectacles. The "Merchant of Venice" died almost still-born, and the management with great good sense appreciated the situation and replaced the "legitimate drama" by something more congenial to and more within the compass of the company. At present they are giving Sardou's "Dora" in an English dress and under an English title, "Diplomacy." It has been in preparation for many months; it is elaborately put upon the stage, finished to the minutest detail, even to the mechanical fittings of the French shutters in the morning-room at Monte Carlo, and it promises to have an unprecedented run. It has hit the prevailing sentiment of the hour—distrust and suspicion of Russia—and night after night the most fashionable people in town go to watch, with the intensest interest, the entanglement of the English attaché's wife in the meshes of a web of political intrigue woven by a Russian agent in the pay of the Russian Government, and the extravagant dénouement of the plot by means of a pair of scented kid gloves. Stalls and boxes are engaged for weeks ahead; indeed, now on the 2d of March, it is almost impossible to get seats till well on in the spring. The Eastern question may be solved and the Russian troops back at St. Petersburg before the London public will be tired of seeing the discomfiture of the wives of Russian diplomacy as given at the Prince of Wales's.

This unusual success has afforded an opportunity to one of our farce-writers, Mr. Burnand, the author of "Happy Thoughts," to bring out a parody of "Diplomacy" as played at the Prince of Wales's, and at the obscure little theatre called "The Strand" he has brought out a musical skit on "Diplomacy," which he calls "Dora and Diplomacy; or, a Woman of Uncommon Scents." The story goes that Mr. Burnand "assisted" at a performance of "Diplomacy" and went home and wrote his parody straight off at a single sitting, occupying him all night. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but judging by the texture of the parody I can easily believe it. Yet it is amazingly clever, full of points, and puns and plays on words, and is acted by three or four of the parodists with spirit and success. It promises to have as good a run as the original. But, clever though it undoubtedly is, and amusing in its way, it leaves a melancholy feeling on the mind that, if this is the best sort of thing the London theatres can produce, Mr. Matthew Arnold is not far off the truth when, speaking of one considerable section of the middle and lower classes in England, he says, in the *Fortnightly Review* of this month: "We may partly judge its standard of life, and the needs of its nature, by the modern English theatre, perhaps the most contemptible in Europe."

#### SAINTE-BEUVE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, February 22, 1878.

THE influence of Sainte-Beuve has been so important in French literature that even the scraps of his work are considered important. His literary executor, M. Troubat, has already published his correspondence with a princess (Princess Mathilde, the sister of Prince Napoleon, the daughter of King Jerome), and this first volume contained some very interesting letters. He is beginning now to publish the whole correspondence of Sainte-Beuve, and has given us a first volume, which extends from 1822 to 1869. Two other volumes will, I am informed, soon appear. There is no preface to the collection of letters; we therefore do not know on what principle M. Troubat has undertaken his work. We can only believe that he has adopted a merely chronological order; but we are surprised that Sainte-Beuve's correspondence between 1822 and 1869 has only furnished him the materials for a duodecimo volume. Such as it is, it deserves to be read, and it furnishes the proof that Sainte-Beuve was during his whole lifetime in a continuous state of development. The history of his mind is a long *werden*, to use a familiar expression of the Hegelian philosophy. He is always rising higher, always becoming more critical, more exacting towards himself; his intellectual horizon is always expanding. The Sainte-Beuve of 1822 is as different from the Sainte-Beuve of the latter part as a schoolboy from a well-formed and well-instructed man.

Sainte-Beuve began life as one of the minor *Romantiques*, to use a word much employed during the French Restoration. Full of affectations, a copyist rather than an original mind, he ended as a great critic, capable of judging Romanticists as well as Classicists, invigorated by the study of science; and he gave not only to literature, but to historical science, to philosophy, an impetus which is still felt and will be felt for many years. In the year 1822 he was only eighteen years old, and was still at school, attending the lectures of the Collège Bourbon. We find



him in correspondence at that age with an English classmate, who afterwards became a fellow at the University of Oxford. We see him under the influence of what was called then the spiritualist philosophy represented by M. Cousin, who was giving eloquent lectures at the Sorbonne. Spiritualism, under the Restoration, was a reaction against the sensualism of the eighteenth century and of the Revolution. "Cousin has begun the struggle against this hard and vivacious philosophy called sensualism." In 1838 Sainte-Beuve was of a quite different opinion. He wrote in his 'Causeries du Lundi':

"A philosophical iniquity was introduced in 1817 and consecrated in the following years. Cousin called the school of the eighteenth century, which attached ideas to sensations, the sensualist school. To be exact, he ought to have said sensualist. The word sensualism implies the notion of a practical materialism which sacrifices to the senses; if this was true of some philosophers of the eighteenth century, of La Mettrie or Helvetius, it could not be applied to Condillac and to his honorable disciples, to the ideologues of Auteuil, the Thurots, the Daunous, who were sobriety itself. But it is always well to dishonor your adversary; something of it will stick. A more scrupulous philosophical honesty would have disdained such means, but the audacious personage did not care for such trifles."

A bitter hatred of Cousin will be found in all the correspondence of Sainte-Beuve, and I could not help being struck, while perusing attentively the first two volumes of the 'Correspondence of Charles Sumner,' which have been sent to me, by the disagreeable impression which Sumner received from his first contact with Cousin. Sumner's nature was naturally open to admiration and sympathy; but he seems to have disliked Cousin as soon as he saw him. The most extraordinary letter of the new volume of Sainte-Beuve is probably the one which he wrote to Cousin in 1843, and in which he accuses him of having cut the ground from under his feet and used documents which he had himself furnished him almost confidentially:

"It is evident to all those who have read my second volume of 'Port Royal' that if you had allowed me to continue the study of Pascal I should have said on the 'Pensées' many of the things which you have so impetuously seized." . . . "It was from my hand that you received the manuscript in which you read for the first time the letters of Madame de Longueville."

Cousin published these letters, which Sainte-Beuve intended to use, and Sainte-Beuve says to him: "Now you lay hands on me again and help yourself at your convenience." Cousin, when this letter was written, considered himself the benefactor of Sainte-Beuve, as he had procured for him the place of librarian at the Mazarine Library; nevertheless, Sainte-Beuve says:

"Because I consented to be helped by you on an important occasion, which I cannot forget, I cannot bear such a want of courtesy. At any rate, I will complain to yourself and tell you what I feel on the subject. All these documents belong to everybody, and everybody is free to publish them; but the circumstances under which you have done so are such that if you had wished to discourage me in a work for which I have never asked the encouragement of anybody, you would not have acted differently."

This letter was a "tickler," which M. Cousin could not forgive; the philosopher and the critic became from that time secret enemies. It is rather painful to go behind the scenes of literature as we witness such a struggle; but on this occasion we cannot help siding with Sainte-Beuve, though there is not dignity enough in his legitimate anger.

We could find many other proofs of a certain want of breeding in the *Romantique* of former years. M. Dubois, professor of rhetoric at the Collège Charlemagne, who had had Sainte-Beuve among his pupils, became one of the founders of the *Globe*, a paper which had considerable reputation during the Restoration. He enlisted Sainte-Beuve among his contributors in 1828. Sainte-Beuve sold his first volume of poetry at that epoch for four hundred francs; he had written also in the *Revue de Paris*. His 'Joseph Delorme' had some success. Mme. de Broglie deigned to say that it was immoral; M. Guizot, that it was "du Werther jacobin et carabin." (We give the name of *carabin*, in France, to medical students who enter the army as surgeons.) The friends of Sainte-Beuve, or rather his patrons of the *Globe*, all became important personages after the Revolution of 1830. This revolution was partly their work. Sainte-Beuve remained in the shade: "To be and to remain out of everything is my wish and my destiny. From time to time, in a critical moment, I throw myself on the decisive spot, and then I return to my own paths." He could not choose a more deserted path than Port Royal; he left for years his active friends, his old Republican friends as well as the *doctrinaires* (such was the name given to the theorists on constitutional government), and lived chiefly with the *solitaires* of Port Royal. In this moral solitude

he did not gain the calm and the serenity of the "saints." He became more pugnacious, more jealous of his independence. In 1839 he writes to M. Villemain:

"Years even more than travel have taught me to do without my neighbors, even when the neighbor is full of graces: to believe less than ever in effective friendship, in disinterestedness; to see in all a great play with which many are contented, but which often makes me more impatient than I ought to be. Friendship, through all this, is surely sweet, and it can alone console. But friendship ought to be safe and not complicated with the ticklings of good or bad praise. And you have shown me that in your case, probably by my own fault, it becomes so complicated."

I have no doubt that such remarks were only a just retort. Sainte-Beuve was far superior to M. Villemain, and Villemain probably would treat him to the end like a schoolboy. He could not even bear that Sainte-Beuve should, at the request of the Countess Christina de Fontanes, write a laudatory article on M. de Fontanes, who had been grand master of the French University under Napoleon I., because he, Villemain, was grand master of the University. Sainte-Beuve tried to flatter with discretion, and thought, like Horace, that praise ought not to be flattery:

"Et admissas circum præcordia ludit."

"But," he remarks to Villemain, "I have been a *bourdaud* (a block-head). To speak frankly, all our great men are a little spoiled. Course praise does not disgust them, not even the most delicate of them."

The study on 'Port Royal,' which, with all its defects, remains, in my opinion, the most solid title to glory of Sainte-Beuve, made of him a sort of *émigré*, or exile, during the years in which all his former friends and companions, Thiers, Cousin, Villemain, Guizot, grew to be the leaders of opinion in France. Paris had become for Sainte-Beuve merely the best place in which to judge the comedy. He was not an actor, he was a mere witness; and he knew the actors too well, he knew what was going on behind the scenes, and what petty passions were concealed under the tragic costumes and masks. He was contented with some modest post of observation. He had been named *conservateur* at the Mazarine Library; in 1844 he was elected to the French Academy. Villemain, who was his enemy as well as his Minister (the librarians of the Mazarine depend on the Minister of Public Instruction), sent him on this occasion the decoration of the Legion of Honor, which Sainte-Beuve had refused from his hands three years before. "You are," said Villemain, "the only Academician without the decoration, and the public who will be present at your reception would be astonished." Upon which Sainte-Beuve replies by a new refusal. "I cannot," he says, "see the affair in any other light than this, that I contradict myself publicly, and do so because I am forced. It is impossible for me, sir, to accept. I have lived with men (the Jansenists) who sacrificed all in order not to sign a formulary; it seemed childish, but they had their idea. I understand these men very well." At the same time Sainte-Beuve sent to M. Villemain his resignation as librarian. The resignation was not accepted, and Sainte-Beuve kept his post of librarian till 1848, without wearing the decoration of the Legion of Honor. His conduct would be more defensible if he had not accepted from Napoleon III. the dignity of officer, and even commander, of the Legion of Honor. He had, of course, the right to take from Napoleon III. what he would not take from Louis Philippe's ministers; but he would have been more consistent if he had refused everything from the hands of the mild sovereign who had the great defect in his eyes of choosing his Ministers of Public Instruction among men to whom Sainte-Beuve felt or thought himself superior.

His opposition to Louis Philippe was only half owing to his republicanism: it half proceeded from personal animosities and enmities which were only partly justified. It is painful to see Sainte-Beuve in dishabille in this correspondence, to hear the echo of his disputes with the terrible Buloz, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He broke off his connection with the *Revue* in 1846, and found himself in consequence in a temporary embarrassment. He hoped for a moment to make a paper, or review, in which he would be completely independent; this dream was never realized. Fortunately, Sainte-Beuve needed very little; he lived till 1840 in a student's room. When he became, in 1843, a member of the Commission of the French Dictionary, lodged as he was at the Institute, as librarian of the Mazarine, he found it difficult to spend his revenue, and had to buy rare and curious books. He never wrote a line of politics after 1834, when he left the *National*; he was accused, however, after 1848 of having received sums of money from the secret funds; but he proved that the sum found with his name in the papers of M. de Montalivet was for the repairs of a chimney, which smoked, in the Mazarine Library. This miserable affair (the sum in question was only one hundred francs) caused

Sainte-Beuve infinite trouble; for a moment his honor was in danger, because his chimney had smoked and because M. de Montalivet had not made any mention of the nature of the expenses which he had ordered.

When you begin with Sainte-Beuve you cannot help being interested; I have not gone over more than one-half of the correspondence of this first volume, but as the two others will soon appear I shall be able to return to the same subject.

## Correspondence.

### PRESIDENT ELIOT ON PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to call attention in your journal to a very interesting and suggestive change in the educational ideas of a very eminent educationist?

In the year 1870 the University of Michigan announced that on the application of any high-school in Michigan the Faculty would send a committee for the purpose of examining such school, and that, if the amount and quality of instruction were found to be in all respects satisfactory, students presenting at the University certificates of having fully completed the prescribed course in any such accepted school might be admitted to the University without an entrance examination. Three years later an announcement identical in spirit and purpose, and almost identical in form, was made by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge to preparatory schools in England. It is to certain comments on these announcements that I desire to call attention.

In President Eliot's annual report for 1873-74, p. 11, the following words were used:

"The University of Michigan, which has no preparatory department, admits graduates of the public schools of Michigan without examination, upon certificates given by the local school-boards. The only check upon the school-boards retained by the University is the annual visit by a committee of the faculty to every public high-school in Michigan which desires to use this privilege of sending its graduates to the University without examination. The faculty must be satisfied from the report of this committee that the school is in good condition. *All teachers will feel that such a check upon the action of school-boards must necessarily prove ineffective. That the University should have been willing to try so unpromising an experiment proves that the lack of connection between the secondary and the higher instruction in Michigan must have been painfully felt.*"

In the last number of the *North American Review*, p. 225, President Eliot's comments on the corresponding announcement of the English universities are as follows:

"Much more interesting than the local examinations are the examinations of schools and the examinations for certificates recently instituted by Oxford and Cambridge acting together through a board made up of fourteen members from each university. The schools examined are schools which are competent to prepare boys for the universities, and the certificates exempt their holders from the college entrance examination at Oxford and Cambridge. This work, though elementary, is strictly relevant to the object of the universities so far as it is done for schools which prepare for the universities. . . . *American teachers will find these school and certificate examinations very suggestive; their method is one which, with some modifications, would be in many respects applicable to those schools in the United States, whether private, endowed, or public, which prepare boys for college.*"

Is President Eliot here graciously retracting his hasty condemnation of the Michigan method, or is this merely an interesting reciprocation of what Mr. Lowell so felicitously described as "a certain condescension in foreigners"? C. K.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., March 15, 1878.

### SILVER-MEN'S FINANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A friend of mine heard, a few days since, a conversation which was so thoroughly characteristic of the silver-men's loose methods of thought, and at the same time so absurd, that I take the liberty of sending you an account of it.

The scene was a hotel dining-room in Toronto, and the actors an American gentleman, and a Canadian lady in search of information in regard to United States securities.

She enquired as to the probable effect of the passage of the Silver Bill on the value of United States bonds. He told her she need not be

alarmed in regard to that, as all the United States bonds were payable in London, and the Government would, of course, be obliged to pay them in gold coin. She then asked how the Government could get the necessary amount of gold coin, if the duties were paid in silver. He told her that a plentiful supply of gold would easily be obtained in the Clearing-house. She looked a little surprised at this, and asked what the Clearing-house was and where it was situated; upon which he said that he believed it was in London, and was an office to which different governments sent representatives at stated periods, who settled in gold coin the balances due from one country to another, on account of the balance of trade. Of course, as the balance of trade between the United States and England was now largely in our favor, a large amount in gold would be due us, which the Government could easily use for paying the interest on its bonds.

Before finishing the conversation, the gentleman said that he was a silver-man, and represented his town in the legislature; but unfortunately my friend was unable to learn where he lived.

I remain, dear sir, yours very respectfully,

CHARLES E. BROOKS.

CLEVELAND, O., March 12, 1878.

### THE NEW FIELD FOR COUNTERFEITERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I believe that no mention has been made by the press, in the discussion of the silver question, of an element which may become important, viz.: the inducement offered by the present law for surreptitious coinage of silver dollars of full standard value. Under the law, the Government realizes a seigniorage of eight or nine per cent. The small amount to be issued by the Mint will keep up nearly to par for some time, continuing this high rate of profit. With so large a margin of profit, and so little danger of detection of a counterfeit equal in weight and value to the genuine, surreptitious coinage will be highly remunerative, and will undoubtedly occur, both in our own and in foreign countries. The expense of coinage is very slight, as indicated by the fact that our nickel coins have been counterfeited with profit.

Canada and Mexico offer convenient fields of operation, whence the coin could be readily distributed with comparative immunity from punishment. Large quantities of Mexican silver dollars have been introduced into the United States, during the present winter, in exchange for greenbacks wanted for purposes of exchange in Mexico, yielding a handsome percentage to the brokers and manufacturers through whom they found their way into circulation.

Is it not probable that this form of counterfeiting will be so extensive as to increase materially the \$48,000,000 per annum provided for by law, and produce a marked effect on the final results of the silver legislation?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 12, 1878.

H. H. HART.

## Notes.

D. APPLETON & CO. will shortly publish a new work by Mr. George B. Prescott, author of 'Electricity and the Electric Telegraph,' on 'The Speaking Telephone and Other Electrical Novelties,' a subject which he also treats, more briefly, in the current *Scribner's*. The press can hardly keep pace with these marvellous inventions.—Vol. XV. of *Scribner's* is equipped with an eight-page index, more minute than any of its predecessors. A further improvement would be an indexing by authors, however condensed (and it would not require much space). For instance, Robert Dale Owen's "Recallings from a Public Life" would most naturally be sought for under his name.—*Church's Musical Visitor*, Cincinnati, has begun publishing a translation of Karasowski's 'Life of Chopin,' which we noticed last summer.—Architects, sculptors, builders, druggists, wall-paper makers and other manufacturers, as well as all those who have caught the ceramic contagion of the day, ought to possess themselves of the information contained in the last volume of the Geological Survey of New Jersey. Prof. Cook's 'Report on the Clay Deposits of Woodbridge, South Amboy, and Other Places in New Jersey, together with their uses for fire-brick, pottery, etc.,' makes an octavo volume of nearly 400 pages, and is accompanied by a large map of the clay district nearest New York, which gives ample promise of being the Staffordshire of America.—The General Meeting of the American Social Science Association for 1878 will be held in Cincinnati, beginning Saturday, May



18. The topics of papers already announced are largely politico-economical, the silver question being set down for Tuesday, and taxation, banking, post-office savings-banks, the relation of Government to railways, restricted suffrage, the patent system, intellectual property, etc., occupying the rest of the time. Prof. Benjamin Peirce, Prof. T. M. Cooley, Prof. N. S. Shaler, W. T. Groesbeck, S. Dana Horton, Horace White, Simon Sterne, Gamaliel Bradford, and F. B. Sanborn are amongst the best-known names of the participants.—Moore's 'Poetical Works,' six volumes in three, and Chatterton's, two volumes in one, with the usual prefatory memoirs, are the latest issues of the Riverside edition of the British Poets.

—Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston, write us as follows:

"In the review of the 'Primer of Piano-Forte Playing,' in your last issue, regret is expressed that no translation has ever been made of Wieck's 'Clavier und Gesang.' Evidently the *Nation* has nodded. We beg to call your attention to our 'Piano and Song,' a copy of which we mail you to-day. As the infallibility of the *Nation* is generally unquestioned, we shall hope to see last week's mistake corrected, and should be pleased to see in your columns a review of our translation of 'Clavier und Gesang.'"

We instantly comply with this request for a review by pronouncing the translation in question poor and unsatisfactory; and we save our infallibility by asserting that we were familiar with 'Piano and Song,' and that we weighed our words, when we wrote—not that "no translation has ever been made" of Wieck's manual, but that "we have often wished that some competent person would undertake the task of translating it."

—Mrs. Wister wrote us, March 12, too late for insertion last week, as follows:

"At a meeting of the Philadelphia Local Committee, held yesterday, the first since my letter of February 4 to the *Nation*, the secretary was directed by the committee to request me to state in your columns that it was written without the knowledge of the committee. I have only to confirm this myself; the letter was written entirely on my own responsibility and shown to no one before its publication. You will oblige me extremely by giving this note a place this week if possible."

"Since I last wrote to you I have made a very mortifying discovery, viz.: that chemistry is mentioned among the studies of the University of Pennsylvania in the Catalogue for 1876-7. I cannot tell how I came to overlook it in the scores of times that I read over the "Course of Instruction"; I opened the catalogue the other day and there it was as if somebody had put it there since I last looked, the last study in the Sophomore year: 'Chemistry, Introduction to Modern Chemistry, Lectures.'"

"I can account for it only in the same way that I do for enumerating nine branches as required by the Harvard female examination and then speaking of them as seven, by my having been constantly indisposed since New Year, and very unfit for this correspondence. It is a matter of no consequence in itself, or to you, or the public, but of some to me and my adversaries."

—A curious instance of the self-preserving skill with which society manages to repair the errors of law-makers is to be seen in the protection accorded in this country to foreign plays, in spite of the absence of international copyright. A foreign novel can be published here by any one, but a foreign play cannot be performed here by any one as long as the author cares to protect it. As long as a literary work is unpublished it is the personal property of its author, protected by the common law, and needing no copyright legislation. As soon as it is "dedicated to the public"—i. e., published—it ceases to be the author's except in so far as a copyright act may have given him the control of it; beyond the reach of the copyright law he has no rights. This dedication requires that it shall be printed and sold over the counter, like any other book. As long, then, as a foreign author keeps his play in MS., he or his assignee can control its performance here. Such was the view of the law generally held, and it has just been forcibly affirmed in the United States Circuit Court in Baltimore. Messrs. Shook and Palmer, as assignees of M. Dennery, a Frenchman, and the author of the "Celebrated Case," a play now running at their theatre, the Union Square, in this city, sought to enjoin Gilmore from producing a version of the same play in Baltimore. Gilmore alleged that his play was elaborated from the reports and criticisms of the French play in the newspapers, and that the plaintiffs and their assignor had by permitting these newspaper reports in so far published the play. The court paid no attention to this plea, and granted a perpetual injunction against the performing by Gilmore of the "Celebrated Case," or any colorable imitation of it; so that Messrs. Shook and Palmer are assured of the enjoyment of their purchase until M. Dennery shall publish the play, when it will at once become public property in this country. A second case of superficial similarity has been decided in the courts of this city. Messrs. Tompkins and Hill, of Boston, sought to en-

join the performance of the "Exiles" at the Broadway Theatre, alleging that they were the assignees of the French authors, MM. Nus, Sardou, and Lubomirski, whose play was not published. The injunction was denied, because, although the defendant did not contest plaintiffs' title to their play, a dramatization by MM. Nus and Sardou of a novel by Prince Lubomirski, he showed that his play was an independent adaptation of the same novel, the novel being published, and therefore public property.

—The January number of the *Law Review* contains an article on the Parliaments of France, by Mr. James B. Perkins. It is mainly descriptive, but suggests speculations of an interesting kind as to the causes of the early decay and death in France of all institutions which appear to have contained the germs of a healthy and well-balanced constitution. From the French Parliaments there seemed, at one time, to be reason to expect a good deal. They were ancient courts, their origin dating back to feudal times, but had been at the same time modernized by an infusion of professional blood. Their members were wealthy and powerful, and at different times engaged in a struggle with the monarchy which ought to have promised something for popular rights. But the struggle always ended badly for the Parliaments that engaged in it, and the monarchy went on increasing in power. Mr. Chauncey Smith contributes a valuable article on the amendment of the patent laws, in which he makes several suggestions to which his distinguished position as a patent-lawyer lends great weight. The most important of these is with a view to diminishing the number of useless patents issued. Three-quarters of the patents taken out are for inventions that, for one reason or another, are never introduced to the public by the inventor; he has no means of pushing them, or he finds that they are old or not needed in the market. Hence the Patent Office is clogged with inventions of no use to anybody, but which make the investigation of all questions of facts connected with patents very difficult. To remedy this Mr. Smith suggests the adoption of the English law which requires the payment of a small fee within a certain time from the issue of the patent, the patent lapsing altogether if the fee is not paid. This simple provision in England causes the disappearance of most of the patents issued within a few years of their issue. Of course if the patent is likely to be of any value, the inventor will pay the fee; if not, it is for the interest of every other inventor and of the public that his patent should be dropped from the rolls, while to him it makes no difference what is done with it.

—The *International Review* for March-April contains a reply by Mr. A. H. Stephens to some remarks of a disparaging character with reference to himself contained in General Richard Taylor's war reminiscences in the *North American*. General Taylor's feelings towards certain Confederate politicians bear a close resemblance, the difference of latitude being taken into account, to those entertained on the Northern side by staunch supporters of McClellan towards certain politicians at Washington. Most of all, he seems to have had a grudge against Mr. Stephens, whose statesmanship he calls in question for his proclamation of slavery as "the corner-stone of the Confederacy," and whose knowledge of the art of war he describes as being very limited. The view taken of the war by the Vice-President of the Confederacy General Taylor describes as follows: "The war was for principles and rights. It was in the defence of these and of their property that the people had taken up arms. They could always be relied upon when a battle was imminent; but when there was no fighting to be done, they had best be at home attending to their families and interests. As their intelligence was equal to their patriotism, they were as capable of judging of the necessity of their presence with the 'colors' as the commanders of armies, who were but professional soldiers, fighting for rank and pay—most of them without property in the South." He further accused Mr. Stephens of displaying in July, 1865, and in Washington, a reprehensible coldness and indifference to the fate of Jefferson Davis, then a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. To all these charges Mr. Stephens now replies in the solemn political manner much used in the South a generation ago. He begins by admitting that reminiscences such as General Taylor's are "usually interesting," and, when accurate, are useful; that the facts they contain are "footlights" which illumine the stage of history; but he intimates that when not accurate they serve no such purpose. He then proceeds to light up the scene with what he says are "not mere footlights" but "mid-dome chandeliers," in the shape of certain public records which demonstrate that he was himself one of the foremost promoters of the war, and proceeds to declare that the military theories of a defence of the South by voluntary rallies and agricultural dispersals of troops attributed to him are but the fig-

ments of a disordered imagination." Not satisfied with this, he goes on to explain his "corner-stone" speech, which was, he says, nothing more than a laudable effort to show that in this country there "was no such thing as slavery," but only "a legal subordination of the admitted inferior to the superior." Lastly, he declares that the story of his chilly indifference to the sufferings of Jefferson Davis is "a perfect Munchausenism," he (Mr. Stephens) being at the time mentioned himself in prison at Fort Warren. On this last point the venerable ex-Vice-President of the Confederacy seems to have been guilty of a little quibble, inasmuch as the point of the accusation, if it can be said to have had any point, lay in the fact of such an interview having taken place—not the particular date of it. As to this, General Taylor now admits that he was mistaken. It is a very pretty symposium as it stands.

—One of the "signs of the times" which has long attracted attention in the ecclesiastical world is the tendency to a more liturgical way of doing things in the Puritan churches. The liturgical spirit has found its chief revelling-place in the Sunday-school, in which a series of "concert exercises" has been prepared and performed during the past ten or fifteen years sufficient to make the most aggressive liturgical reformer stand aghast. One can readily imagine how much has been done in this way to cultivate the æsthetic nature of the youthful Christians of America. But it was reserved for the year of grace 1878 to give to the world a "concert exercise" combining in proper proportions the æsthetic and the practical. It comes to us from a village in Massachusetts, and is circulated in behalf of a prominent missionary society which has its headquarters in this city. The programme consists of twenty-four items, including five hymns, each with a chorus, all of them selected from the latest hymn-book of the season, 'Gospel Songs, No. 2.' The "exercise" begins as follows: "1. Singing: Rescue the Perishing. 2. Read in concert or responsive [*sic*] Psalm lxxii. 3. Prayer." And then it plunges *in medias res*, with a superb disregard of the ecclesiastical tone and spirit, by asking: "4. What is the American Missionary Association?" To this the answer is given by Scholar "A" that "it is an association of Christian men, organized in 1843, to diffuse a knowledge," etc., etc. Then follows: "5. What is it doing at the present time?" to which Scholar "B" replies: "It sustains fifty-nine churches among the freedmen at the South, one church in Africa," etc. After each scholar, down to "G," has contributed an item to this impressive summary, the second hymn is sung, "I have a Saviour, he's pleading in glory," and the next question is sprung upon us: "7. How is the money raised?" to which "H" replies: "Last year the association received from bequests and from churches . . . a little more than \$200,000; but they needed more than \$300,000 to carry on their work successfully"; and "I" adds: "The greatest sacrifices are made in the Southern States. In one colored Sunday-school every pupil gives five cents a month. . . . Little colored children, who have hardly respectable clothing, have such a love for this association that they save the pennies to give into its treasury." This aspect of the "work" seems to have grown upon the compiler of the "exercise," for at this point he introduces an entire page of "incidents from the work among the freedmen," in the well-known style of the missionary magazines; after which this new Socratic method is applied to the case of the Indians. It is in this division that we find the most beautiful instance of adaptation of part to part afforded by the entire programme. The question is: "14. Does it pay, from the Government standpoint, to Christianize the Indians?" Little-boy "Q" replies: "It has cost the Government \$12,000,000 a year on the average for forty years to fight the unchristian tribes"; and little-boy "R" answers in prompt response: "It has cost almost nothing to control the Christian tribes"; whereupon follows "singing by the children (with chorus): 'The mistakes of my life have been many!'" The adaptation, as we have said, is very neat indeed, but there remains a doubt whether this musical statement about mistakes applies to the Government or to the aborigines. The song, however, is followed immediately by "16. Prayer for the Indians"; after which the worshipping assembly, under the lead of our missionary liturgist, marches unthinkingly forward to "17. Can the Chinese be Christianized?"—a conundrum which we leave without its answer, somewhat on the same principle that periodicals which publish serial stories make the week's instalment end at the most exciting point. The programme is issued, as any one can see, not for liturgical reasons, but to "replenish the treasury of the A. M. A." We therefore add a further statement, which we find on the printed slip accompanying it: "To make this a success, you ought to have thirty copies." Whether the treasury of the A. M. A. will receive a replenishing remains to be seen; but, meantime, what is the effect of such pro-

ductions as this upon the tastes and the reverence, and therefore upon the morals, of those who are passing to-day through the Sunday-school into the arena of a busy life?

—The ninth volume of the 'Archives de la Bastille' (Paris, 1877), edited by François Ravaissou, relates to the years 1687-92 of the reign of Louis XIV. The documents consist principally of reports of the police, extracts from the journal of the lieutenant of the Bastille, and letters of the king and his ministers. At this time a large proportion of the prisoners were either persons confined for their religious opinions or English spies. The best known of the former class, whose name appears in this volume, is the famous quietist, Mme. Guyon. Though not actually sent to the Bastille till 1698, proceedings commenced against her in 1687. The letters and memoranda in regard to her case, and the controversy between Fénelon and Bossuet which grew out of it, are numerous. We have room but for one, a note of the king to Mme. Maintenon, dated "Mars 1699, à midi": "There has just come a courier from Rome, who brings the condemnation of the Archbishop of Cambray. I send it to you in this packet that you may see the full details. It is Latin; some Father of the Mission will explain it to you. There's an affair finished happily. I hope that it will have no more painful consequences for any one. I shall say nothing more of it to you at this time; it shall be for this evening." The most of this class, however, were Protestants. For some time previous the provisions of the Edict of Nantes had been but laxly enforced, and a large number of Protestant pastors especially took advantage of this to come from England and Holland to visit their former flocks, to confirm their faith, and to administer the religious rites. Not unnaturally Louis regarded them as very likely to prove spies of his most formidable enemy, William of Orange, and great numbers were arrested and put to death or imprisoned. One of the more interesting miscellaneous cases was that of Herse, a tailor's apprentice, described as "un petit garçon," who was condemned to a life imprisonment for saying that he would like to kill the king.

—The larger part of the volume is devoted to the English spies, and considerable light is thrown upon the life of the court at St. Germain. It is very evident from these documents that William was far better served than James, some of the latter's most trusted spies being in William's pay, as were also the chief counsellors of the banished king. A striking picture is drawn of one of these pretended Jacobite spies, Jones Simpson, a Scotchman, making his report to William at Kensington. One is rather surprised to find amongst them also the name of Vanbrugh, the dramatist and architect. He was arrested at Calais for travelling without a passport, and though nothing seems to have been proved against him, he was confined nearly two years, being allowed in the last few months to walk in the court-yard on giving £10,000 security that he would not attempt to escape. The most singular case is, perhaps, that of Broomfield, described as "quaker ou trembleur," who is imprisoned as a "suspect" three or four times within ten years. The following is an extract from the journal of M. Du Junca, the lieutenant of the tower, concerning him: "On Thursday, January 22, 1702, at 4 p.m., the governor having received a command to set M. Broomfield, English and quaker, at liberty, on condition that he promise to leave the kingdom as soon as possible; but the king having been informed that he had a valuable secret for the construction of boats with machinery for moving them rapidly (*pour aller fort vite*) without oars, sails, or horses on the rivers, the king desires that he should remain in order to carry out with M. de Pointis (*chef d'escadre*) this enterprise and the construction of the boats." Nothing seems to have come of this secret, for we find Broomfield again in the Bastille three months later. In 1711 he was still a prisoner. The tortures used in the Bastille were confined to the "boots" and "water," the latter consisting in the pouring successive pints of water into the mouth of the victim.

—After an interval of four years, Karl Goedeke has published the tenth part of his great work 'Grundriss zur Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung' (Dresden, 1862-77). In this is concluded the bibliography of the German drama down to 1830, and the lyric poets of the first half of the century are taken up. The authors are arranged in a somewhat arbitrary order under their various countries, with short biographical sketches. The lists of their writings in some cases extend to their magazine pieces.—The *Rundschau* for February publishes "Letters from Paris by Graf von Moltke." They were written in December, 1856, when he accompanied, as adjutant, the Crown Prince in his journey to London and Paris. Like the "Letters from Russia" they originally appeared some years ago in a Danish translation in the *Dagens Nyheder*. Th:



letters in the *Rundschau* are printed from a manuscript furnished to the editors by Von Moltke himself. — Prof. Dr. Daniel Sanders intends issuing this year the first instalments of a Supplement to his Dictionary of the German Language (*Ergänzungswörterbuch der deutschen Sprache*), and desires to be informed of any errors or omissions in the original work, or of any desirable improvements of any kind. His address is Altstrelitz, Mecklenburg. Sanders's 'Aus den besten Lebensstunden' is to be brought out by the same publisher (Abenheim of Stuttgart) in gift-book style. — The first German periodical ever published in Holland appears this year in the interest of the German population of the Netherlands. It is called *Holländische Nachrichten*. *Noord en Zuid* is the name of a new philological quarterly, of a popular character, edited by T. H. de Beer, of Amsterdam, and published at Eulemborg by Blom & Olivierse. — From B. Westermann & Co. we have Part 19 of 'Spruner's Historical Atlas.' Three of the four maps show the Mongolian and Ottoman dominions prior to the taking of Constantinople. The previous number was wholly devoted to the Orient, of which the series is now finished, and embraces fifteen sheets and forty-nine side-maps. Four more numbers will complete this invaluable atlas. The German publisher is Justus Perthes, Gotha.

#### INGLEBY'S SHAKESPEARE.\*

DR. C. M. INGLEBY, the well-known Shakespeare scholar, has been reminded by a letter of Faraday that "it is useful to get one's scattered papers together, with an index," and he has begun the work by a collection of ten chapters, six on "Shakespeare the Man," and four on "Shakespeare the Book." The first chapter treats of the spelling of the poet's surname, and the second of its meaning. There ought to be a third on its pronunciation. So far as the printed literature of the poet's age is concerned the whole matter is plain. The books of the poet himself, of Ben Jonson, and all the rest give us his name as a compound of *Shake* and *spear* (*speare*). They all spell it so. They sometimes put a hyphen between the parts, and they play upon its meaning. They evidently pronounced it as the separate words were pronounced in London, with what we may call the French sounds of the vowels. But when we pry into the written records of the time we learn that all this is literary or polite interpretation. The real name as spoken in Stratford and thereabouts sounded in the mouths of the family and their friends *Shiksp'r*, *Siksp'r*, *Sh'gsp'r*, *Sh'ikuspr*, *Sickesper*, *Shackesper*, and the like. The rustic clerks have exemplified very handsomely the capacities of the English alphabet, and have left in the records some scores of spellings, of which Mr. Ingleby gives a couple of pages of specimens. The last will and testament of the poet still lies there, a little faded and worn since it left his hands in 1616, but with his final signature unmarred and now understood to be *Shakspeare*, though quite illegible to the uninitiated, and long read by the antiquaries as *Shakespeare*. In this state of facts it was not to be supposed that modern criticism would rest in the old ways and opinions of the age of Elizabeth and James. The pronunciation, indeed, of the Stratford folks no one has proposed to revert to, unless, perhaps, "High Life below Stairs" may be taken in that sense, when Lady Bab asks, "Did you never read Shikspur?" "Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it?" But the etymologists have been busy. Mr. Ingleby thinks five new derivations worth mentioning. According to these the Stratford name was a corruption of the French *Jacques Pierre*, i.e. *James Peter*, or of the Saxon *Sigisbert* (the Frenchman who printed in 1777 *Shakespeare* on his title-page, and the forger of the 'Revels-Books' of 1605, who writes *Shaxberd*, spelt wiser than they knew), or it may have been the German *Schachsburch*, i.e. *Isaac's-bury*, or Celtic *Schacspeir*, i.e. *Dry-legs*, or *Lapus Biragus*, the name of a Florentine historian from whom the etymologist hopes the family were descended.

The biographical antiquarians are, however, the most successful innovators. As long as they read the signature of the poet's will *Shakspeare*, many of them insisted on using that spelling; and now they insist on *Shakespeare*. Mr. Furnivall, the director of the "New Shakspeare Society," has the following remarks, as a sort of christening speech in the prospectus of his new society: "Though it has hitherto been too much to ask people to suppose that Shakspeare knew how to spell his own name, I hope the demand may not prove too great for the imagination of the members of the new society." And he finds this flout worth repeating in his introduction to the 'Leopold Shakspeare.' Mr. Ingleby makes serious answer that there was no such thing as orthography or stan-

dard spelling in the poet's time, and gives variant spellings by the dozen, which he has found of *Jonson*, *Raleigh*, *Decker*, *Hall*, and others, as well as those of *Shakspeare* from the poet's brother Gilbert, the records, and the printed poems. In view of all these it would seem to be something better than giving Mr. Furnivall a quillet for his quip, if one were to answer him that it is really too much to ask of a student of these times to suppose Shakespeare such a dullard as to know only one way of spelling his name. Most such students will agree with Mr. Ingleby to use the form which was bequeathed us by the poet's friends, approved by himself in his two printed dedications to Lord Southampton, and which, with hardly an exception, was adopted by his printers, viz., Shakespeare. So says Halliwell, and with him, in our generation, are the great Cambridge edition; the American editions of White, Hudson, Furness; the English "Shakespeare Society," the German "Shakespeare-gesellschaft," and the great host. Nevertheless, there will always be some, and those of the best, who will prefer to follow the Stratford spelling and their own eyesight, just as there are those who always write *Chauv'n* for *Calvin*, and *Schwarzerd* for *Melanchthon*. As we find the matter discussed, it does not seem to be worth contending about.

There is, however, a point of view which we do not find discussed, from which a ray of light seems to be thrown by the change of spelling deep into the character of the poet. We country folk in America know well the man who comes back from the city with his signature of as new a fashion as his coat, the Smith who has become Smyth, the Delano who has become De Laney, the Kittle who has become Kettelle. Had the great dramatist some of that blood in his veins? He tried to get the Herald's College to issue a coat of arms to his father down in Stratford. Was the change from *Sharper* to *Shake-speare* another case of Tromes turned to Atrometus, so that his name might, like his muse, heroically sound?

Mr. Ingleby's third chapter is on the poet's birthday, defending the tradition. Chapter iv. points out that a large part of the plays are made out of earlier plays, or other works, with so free a hand that the earlier authors might in some sense lay claim to them. Chapter v. is on "the portraiture of Shakespeare." Mr. Ingleby here gives us mainly destructive criticism. He holds that a large part of every portrait is subjective, contributed by the painter from his own ideals, and that no one has given us a Shakespeare from a worthy ideal. He rejects as a monstrosity the engraving whose likeness Ben Jonson vouches for, pronounces the Stratford bust *clownish*, and the late American portraiture by Ward feeble and untrue. "We ne'er shall look upon his like again." The artists will not fail to retort that what a critic sees in a work of art is largely subjective, contributed by the critic from ideals of his own; and if Mr. Ingleby cannot see Shakespeare in accredited portraits, so much the worse for Mr. Ingleby. It would be a good work for the New Shakspeare Society to give us copies of all the portraits of the poet, with complete accounts of all that is known and all that has been conjectured about them. Is it sacrilegious to ask whether it is wholly impossible to verify the supposition that the Stratford bust is from a death-mask? Would not the present age permit a tender and reverential scientific examination of the grave of Shakespeare?

One of Mr. Ingleby's incidental remarks in this chapter is quite as suggestive as the main discussion. "There is scarcely a poet of Shakespeare's time," he says, "above mediocrity who has not written commendatory verses on his fellows. We do not know of a single copy of such verses by Shakespeare." "Can it be," he adds, "that the poor player was evidently despised; that he was too humble to be selected as the subject of much eulogy in those early times, or to be invited to become the eulogist of another?" Another solution may be hazarded—heterodox, certainly, but perhaps worth printing—that the great dramatist was not fertile in that kind of production. He was certainly accessible both by position and temper. If he had been facile and happy, throwing off such brave lines of praise as we should look for from him who in *Midsummer Night's Dream* described the poet and complimented the queen, it is not in human nature to neglect them. The fact is, let us say, that a sense of fitness, of congruity between character, circumstances, and speech tyrannized over his imagination, and that the Stratford peasant and London actor speaking in his own person about real matters was not on any lofty plane, and could not talk as if he were. The sonnet was the key with which he unlocked his heart. But the sonnets are on the whole unimaginative, repetitious, barren. The poems are also on a low plane; their most striking quality is elaborate and accurate realistic observation. They seem to come hard, like Thackeray's early work. It is only when Shakespeare

\* 'Shakespeare: The Man and the Book. Being a Collection of Occasional Papers on the Bard and his Writings. Part I. By C. M. Ingleby, M.A., LL.D., V.P.R.S.L.' London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

takes on some other character that he can erect himself above himself and use his wings freely. And so eulogistic verses were not much in his line. Besides, a man that wrote such an abominable hand must have hated to touch a pen.

Mr. Ingleby's last chapter, on "The man, Shakespeare," treats of the disappearance of his papers, and suggests that he may have left them with Jonson and that they were destroyed by fire with Jonson's own manuscripts. He also traces up the myth of Shakespeare's lameness.

The four chapters on "Shakespeare, the book" discuss the danger of mangling him by revising his text into conformity with modern grammar rules—a danger, we judge, now fast passing away; "the idiosyncrasy of Hamlet," the most striking part of which is a comparison of *Hamlet's* "madness" to Byron's; and six passages which are expounded and defended: "As You Like It," ii. 1:

"Here feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*"—

where for *us* he suggests *now*, which makes perfect sense. The text as it stands will, however, give nearly the same sense if read as a question, and it be taken for granted that it is a privilege to feel the "penaltie of Adam"—i.e., the change of seasons, a mode of thinking not unnatural in Arcadia or in the forest of Arden. Somewhat in this vein runs the old hymn of Abelard:

"Sole calet in hinc  
Qui caret ignis munere.  
In vera celi camera  
Pauper jacet pulcherrima"

Then there is a discussion of Sonnet cxlvi. 1, 2:

"Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,  
My sinfull earth these rebel powres that thee array."

For *My sinfull earth* he proposes, on the suggestion of Mr. Brae, to read *Leagued with*, carrying out the thought in *sinful* with a certain barren elaboration perhaps not altogether out of place in interpreting the sonnets. But Mr. Ingleby's own suggestion, *Seal of*, is far better. The talk afterwards is of a *mansión* and its *walls*, and *seal* is also Shakespearian here in jingle of sound. Mr. Ingleby's main point is, however, that *array* means *ill-treat*. In the other passages he defends difficult readings of the folio, if not always quite conclusively, yet so as to show that they make some sort of sense, which is good work. Our thanks to Mr. Ingleby.

#### RECENT NOVELS.\*

THE Story of Avis' is mainly an account of the unhappy married life of a young New-England woman who was fond of painting. She had not the usual feminine accomplishments—or, at least, what are commonly considered the usual accomplishments, a knowledge of cooking, housekeeping, managing servants, etc.—and consequently she made the acquaintance of various forms of misery that she would never have known if she had lived in her father's house and let her Martha-like aunt see about the dinners and the faults of the "help." She was well aware of her ignorance of practical things, and after six years of study abroad she came back to this country with the intention of eschewing matrimony and of leading her own independent life of artistic work; but fate prevailed over this resolution in its usual way. It was the handsome young tutor in the college in the town who won her hand; and it was not so much the charm of his appearance, and of his "musical," "vibrant," "delirious" voice, as the fact that he went to the wars on her account and was wounded, that persuaded her reluctantly to marry him. This man, Philip Ostrander, turned out after the wedding to have a nature that corresponded but ill with his fair exterior. He was selfish; he asked men unexpectedly to dinner; he let his wife pay the bills by selling her pictures; he complained of his food on no greater provocation than that the cream was sour, the steak cold, and the cracked wheat soggy. When the babies came, Avis had no time for painting. Moreover, it transpired that Ostrander had been engaged to a girl in his country home, who, after he had jilted her, had married another man who maltreated her, so that her professional calls as a book-agent at the Ostrander's were doubly terrible. Worse than this, Ostrander flirted with a young woman, a friend of his wife's, when that lady was sick up-stairs; and then things came to a crisis.

This brief recital by no means exhausts the gloomy incidents of the story, which ends with Avis's married life a failure and her power of painting gone. Under the guise of fiction the book is really a protest against marriage. If Avis had not accepted Ostrander, she might have painted pictures and become famous, instead of wasting her life in

struggles with cook's bills, her babies' clothes, and her husband's selfishness. As it was, she sacrificed her life by a great mistake, and not only is the world poorer in not having her paintings, but her married life was not of a sort to cheer the sentimental reader. Miss Phelps has shown herself an apt pupil of George Eliot, not so much in point of style (for the American author, although she apparently strives to get the right expressions and the accurate epithet, is more frequently eccentric and provincial than successful), but with regard to detestations of modern society. The influence of the greater novelist is to be seen on every page, so that it may be fair to wonder whether this novel would have been written if 'Middelmarch' had not appeared. Not that Miss Phelps is a plagiarist; she has merely seen the literary value of men's selfishness and has written her book to condemn it as it deserves. The incidents are all probable enough; no ordinary observer can have failed to collect a large mass of corroborative testimony of the unhappiness of many marriages, but what Miss Phelps gives no place to is the fact that Avis's own love for her husband, which survived his careless treatment of her, could not have failed to give her some consolation. Then, too, there is a monotony in her misery which is without interlude of affection, humor, or cheerfulness, so that the reader's sympathy for the New-England Dorothea is perpetually on the rack.

In spite of their unfortunate setting, the passages which describe Avis's reluctance to lose her unwedded freedom are excellently done. There are bursts of truth, and of rarely expressed truth, which lift the book far above the mere record of conjugal infelicity. And, although invention is in no way the author's strong point, her imagination relieves the sombre monotony of the sordid incidents she has strung together for the confusion of men. Avis was a fine woman, and she married a man who was but a poor creature, but it will be hard by writing novels to prevent men from wanting to marry, and if women make the wrong choice it is not fair to throw all the blame on the men. In fact, Avis ought to have applied for a divorce the moment "he came home from the lecture-room over-wearied, holding out his still thin hands, and asked her to strike a few chords for him upon the piano, saying, as he did so:

"Harmony, harmony! Avis, I am spent for a touch of harmony."

No one could have been happy with such an affected man. But, seriously, the story, although a painful one and full of petty exaggeration, rests on the solid ground of fact; it is only a pity that the effect of the whole should be so much injured as it is by the unnaturalness of Ostrander, who has all the faults, this side of wife-beating and vice, of a married man, and by the unrelieved wretchedness of the heroine. The days have gone by, apparently, when young people will get romantic ideas of life from novels.

Nevertheless Mr. Justin McCarthy plods the beaten track. He turns off a novel as patiently as a bricklayer will lay bricks, and it is curious to see what a lifeless history of inanimate beings he puts together for the entertainment of readers. It seems hardly polite to call the book "wooden," yet there is no available adjective that so nearly sums up the impression that Mr. McCarthy's novels leave. He brings young people into his books who fall in love with one another, and he introduces all the "local color" which he has at his command. He writes easily, and turns neat paragraphs with a little quotation from Uhland, or Tibullus, or the last French novel with perfect ease, and still the story never rises above an arid level. The puppets are all dressed in the newest fashion; the play of the "Danicheffs" is mentioned, bringing the events described down to the very latest times, but these factitious aids breathe no life into the unreal beings whose loves are here recorded. There is one chapter, describing an election riot, which is comparatively life-like, but the rest of the story, which is without any imagination and is put together by careful invention and with painful literalness, seems more unreal than a fairy-tale.

'The World Well Lost' is not exactly pleasant reading. Its author, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, has already in other books shown her dislike of English society, but in this novel it takes the form of almost violent abuse, and although the incidents she describes doubtless find frequent confirmation in fact, the impression the reader receives is rather of the writer's virulence than of her careful study of mankind. There is a worldly mother whose worldliness, in the lack of other human qualities, becomes monotonous; there are young girls who are not wholly worldly,

\* Miss Misanthrope: A Novel. By Justin McCarthy, author of 'A Fair Saxon,' 'Lady Judith,' 'Linley Rochford,' etc., etc. New York: Sheldon & Company. 1877.  
'The World Well Lost': A Novel. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, author of 'The Atone-ment of Leam Dundas,' 'Patricia Kumbull,' etc. With illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

\* 'The Story of Avis.' By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of 'The Gates Ajar.' Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.



and there is indeed a young man who is courageous enough to marry the penniless daughter of not over-reputable parents; but it is much more Mrs. Linton's disdain for English matrons and their victims that the story illustrates than the power of sincerity and simplicity. It tells of a lady who makes her appearance in an English county with an attractive son and daughter, who both fall in love with young neighbors. The father of the family is away, and from the first it is an easily-guessed secret that he is in prison. The discovery of this disgrace, after he has served out his sentence and returned home, complicates what plenty of love-making has already made, a confused state of affairs, and nearly breaks a number of young hearts. In one of the cases, however, fidelity wins the day, and the young couple start off to the convenient colonies to begin life there; for in parts of Australia a previous condition of servitude is possibly not considered to entail disgrace. The revolt of these people against social laws by no means undoes the impression of general worthlessness and corruption that the book leaves on the reader's mind, and it is hard to avoid feeling that Mrs. Linton's pen has been more venomous than was actually necessary. Her asperity resembles the spite of a clever woman more than it does righteous indignation against great wrong. In point of literary skill Mrs. Linton overtops most of the writers of the ordinary run of novels, but it may be questioned whether this sort of composition gives her the best opportunity to express what she has to say. Her cleverness, however, often inspires her with inventions that duller novelists struggle for in vain.

Merely to call "Cherry Ripe" one of the poorest of recent novels by no means does justice to the exceptional qualities that have contributed to the composition of this extraordinary book. It gets its name from what the author calls "the old talismanic song," which rises to the heroine's lips at almost every important crisis of her eventful life. It would be hard to contradict the assertion that this young woman was absolutely feeble-minded. Her words and deeds were probably meant for the tokens of tender innocence, but they are absolutely incredible. The reader is kept in a state of indignation or guilty enjoyment over some enormous scandal, which proves in the end to be nothing—after the fashion of some old French stories, in which the interludes are enlivened by merry riddles that shock the hardest reader, but are all in turn shown to be free from any taint of offence. Adam Montrose marries suddenly the heroine, who appears to be in love with a dashing *roué*, and when she finally elopes with him the husband's indignation seems only too well founded. He determines never to see her again, and tries to forget her; but it is only by her appearance in his rooms at the same time with her supposed lover that the truth becomes known. She has, meanwhile, gone mad, and the vicious lover is at the point of death; but before he breathes his last he manages to set matters straight. The precise complication that he unravels need not be stated here, but the reader can rest assured that for the small sum of fifty cents he will get a large and varied assortment of silly talk, vicious love-making, and second-rate fashionable gossip of the disreputable sort. As to the style in which the book is written, it can be made clear by a single short quotation. It is thus, for instance, that the Parisians are described in an outburst of eloquence concerning Paris:

"And so it is that her children, though oftentimes in their mad and senseless fury they turn upon and rend the bosom that warmed and nourished them, yet love her with a deep and exceeding love that is stronger than the love of wife and home and children; that she is the idol of their youth, maturity, and old age; and that she is the very core of their heart; so do they die with her name upon their lips."

"Erema; or, My Father's Sin," is a very different sort of novel. It contains a most ingenious plot concerning a young girl who, before she is twenty-one years old, baffles some most accomplished villains and clears her dead father's name from the suspicion of murder. The reader's interest in the heroine carries him through the languid pages in which Mr. Blackmore leisurely narrates the obstacles that stood in her path, and the means she took to get round them. Most of the light that is thrown on the mystery comes from people who are particularly long-winded in saying their say, so that it is a tolerably sandy road that the reader has to plod along. It is also a devious one. The scene changes from the Rocky Mountains to various parts of England, and back again to this country, and there is a great multitude of persons introduced; but it is neither Mr. Blackmore's style, much as that has been praised, nor yet the variety

of characters, that will secure the reader's attention. The plot alone does that.

Mr. William Black has also honored this country by making it the scene of a good part of his last novel, "Green Pastures and Piccadilly." He can hardly be said, however, to have improved the novel by this device, for although he called to his aid an American writer who seems to have been familiar with the time-table of the trains running between this city and San Francisco, it can hardly be denied that the part of the book which treats of this country is not much more than a hasty record of a hasty journey. To be sure there is a certain amount of conversation thrown in, but the change from the regular course of an interesting novel to the cursory description of a trip to the West is violent and disappointing. If it had not been for this interruption the book would have deserved nothing but praise. It begins well with its account of the love and subsequent misunderstanding of the hard-headed young member of Parliament and daughter of the disreputable nobleman, and the reader will probably find it pleasant to meet again his old friends out of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," now of somewhat riper years. But on the whole the book is disappointing. Mr. Black has not strengthened himself by joining hands with a new man, to whom probably is due the full credit for this sentence: "The women would not hear of this proposal in its entirety," which is to be found on p. 391, at the end of chapter xii.

In "Hector Servadae" M. Jules Verne is even wilder than usual. No reader cares for a miracle or two more or less in this author's pseudo-scientific jugglery, so long as he is interested in the generally pretty thrilling plot, although there are parents and guardians who zealously keep their sons and wards from looking at Verne's enticing volumes. Perhaps they are right; but the present story could not deceive a babe in arms, and is amusing enough to disarm any one's wrath. A comet, it is stated, comes into collision with the earth, and chips off a bit of the southwestern Mediterranean with some of the adjacent shores. A few men survive this accident, and are whirled through space on this comet, which fortunately carries with it a satisfactory supply of atmospheric air. A volcano supplies these travellers with heat, while a professor who goes along with them gives the reader instruction in astronomy, physics, etc., which probably would not be satisfactory to most watchers in observatories. After all, it is probably the melodramatic side of Jules Verne's writing that does harm.

M. Léon Cahun is a writer who seeks distinction in the same field with his better-known countryman. But, although he writes books full of incident and adventure, there are plenty of people who go bail for his accuracy and even for his erudition, and the reader of this book at least, "The Blue Banner," gets the impression that it is pretty solid meat that is offered him. The story describes the adventures of a follower of Jenghis Khan, and, as was only to be expected, it is crammed with accounts of bloody fights. This will commend it to the young reader, and the pains that have been taken to secure accuracy will disarm the objections of their elders. Those who care for the subtleties of the modern novel will probably not be attracted by the tumultuous head-breaking and profuse slaughter of this one. It may be our fault that the story seems to us rather confused, but what is to be expected of an account of Jenghis Khan?

If any one who has taken up "Grey Abbey" has read that novel with delight, let him at once go to the nearest bookseller's and buy "Harry Holbrooke"; the course to be pursued by those who have been pleased by "Harry Holbrooke" is obvious. These two stories are as like as possible. They have both been written by men who are fond of horses, fishing, shooting, etc., and they contain a gossiping account of the good and bad deeds of English people. The author of "Grey Abbey" gives us no mere crumbs of gossip that have fallen from the tables of the great and good, as is sometimes done by ignobler writers; he serves up huge lumps of entertainment in the shape of elopements, smuggling, and various kinds of villany, which are all narrated in a good-natured, amusing fashion, and Sir Randal Roberts follows in just the same track. What the book shows more conclusively than anything else is the extreme

"Green Pastures and Piccadilly: A Novel. By Wm. Black, author of 'The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'Kilmeny,' etc., etc." New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878.

"Hector Servadae. By Jules Verne, author of 'From the Earth to the Moon,' 'Journey to the Centre of the Earth,' etc., etc." Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. With numerous illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878.

"The Blue Banner; or, The Adventures of a Mussulman, a Christian, and a Pagan, in the Time of the Crusades and Mongol Conquest. By Léon Cahun. Translated from the French by W. Collett Sanders. With seventy-six wood engravings by J. Lix." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

"Grey Abbey: A Novel. By the author of 'Won in a Canter,' etc. The Star Series." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

"Cherry Ripe!" A Romance. By the author of 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,' 'The Token of the Silver Lily.' New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

"Erema; or, My Father's Sin: A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore, author of 'Lorna Doone,' 'The Maid of Sker,' 'Cripps, the Carrier,' etc., etc." New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878.

prevalence among Englishmen of the habit of novel-writing. Americans who write novels form a small class who live apart from the rest of the world and devote themselves especially to literature, but here are two books which are as unliterary as sign-painting is unartistic, that owe their existence to the general greed for fiction.

'Doubleday's Children' is a novel that would have been much better if it could have been divided into half-a-dozen separate volumes. As it stands now, the story strays somewhat uncertainly from the fate of one child to that of another, so that confusion is the result; and an amusing, old-fashioned novel, written with considerable humor, fails to leave the most satisfactory impression upon the reader. Doubleday himself was a sort of Micawber who died in a debtor's prison, leaving his children to make their way in the world as best they could. Their experiences are crowded incongruously together and make a thick, incoherent book, of a kind that was more common a few years ago than it is now. Still, there is a good deal of entertainment to be got from it by those whose tastes are not wholly enslaved by the most recent records of violent flirtations.

'Souci,' on the other hand, is a novel of the modern school filled with rapturous passion and high-strung romance, and colored by a good deal of what is called "word-painting." There is hardly a character in the book who is not the victim of some tremendous emotion, and often of two or three at the same time, so that the reader is kept for ever on the rack of uncertainty as to whether the straying lovers, who are for the most part wonderful hands at singing and playing the violin, are going to meet. It is, perhaps, fair to say that the story reads something like the work of a chastened "Ouida"—in other words, of a writer who prefers to write about great geniuses, but with moderation unknown to the more famous writer.

'Mignon' tells how Sir Tristram Bergholt, aged forty-six but sound in wind and limb, fell in love with the youthful Mignon, and, by means of promising to help her brother, married her. She cares nothing for him, however, and flirts in a way that would fill Miss Irene MacGillcuddy's soul with horror. The young minx is as hard and unloving a creature as can be found in fiction until her beauty is destroyed by a painful accident. She takes this occasion to reform—her lover fleeing from her after this—and when her good looks are marvellously restored she persists in avoiding mischief. The whole book is decidedly rowdyish in tone, but it contains some not bad sketches of fast society. It belongs to a set of novels that have one stereotyped form of character, plot, and incident; and it is not a form that deserves praise, but it is sure to find favor with a class of people who will overlook loudness of tone in a book if they can only find description of flirtation and amusing conversation.

It may safely be assumed that the author of 'Behind the Arras' is a young writer. A practised littérateur does not lavish two mysterious strangers, two disappearances, a murder and a trial on one plot. The writer is as evidently an American, who for reasons sufficient to her own mind selects her characters and lays her scene in England among people of rank and fortune. It is, however, given to few of us to construe giraffes out of the depths of our moral consciousness, and it is manifest that Miss Neville has not seen the society she describes. We believe it was Sir Walter Scott who, while he was writing 'Rokeby,' went to the scene of his poem that he might examine most carefully the external aspect of the place, its rocks, trees, foliage, wild-flowers, and all those things which in Scotland he knew by heart, not trusting to his general knowledge of the country to secure him from anachronisms. For lack of such care the first description of English scenery in this book fails in verisimilitude, and the same defect disables the accounts of habits and manners. Young English ladies of wealth and title rarely "tidy" their rooms or make their own beds; they have not the habit of steady sewing or of making their own dresses, and girls of seventeen do not lead the conversation at their father's table. It is common in America—not among the English peerage—that children should be "adopted" and brought up in families not their own, yet Miss Neville's heroine and one of her minor personages are in that position. Altogether it is an unreal work to which we are introduced, and the characters are "such stuff as dreams are made of." This is inevitable under the circumstances, and we invite Miss Neville, in future writings, to use her facility in testifying of that which she has seen. If she will go deep

\* Harry Holbrook of Holbrook Hall. By Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart. Illustrations by the author. The Wayside Series. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1877.

\* Doubleday's Children. By Dutton Cook. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

\* Souci: A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Twells, author of 'The Mills of the Gods.' Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

\* Mignon. By Mrs. Forrester, author of 'Diana Carey,' 'Fair Women,' etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

\* Behind the Arras. By C. M. Neville. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

\* An American Girl and her Four Years in a Boys' College. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

enough into the sub-soil of human life and human nature she will find abundant springs of interest; whereas, though cleverness is shown, this book is mere drift.

It really would be simpler for critics, and no doubt equally instructive to their readers, if novels were classed and numbered, with due description of each category—as, for instance, we should simply say of a certain book: "This is a No. 1 novel," and, turning to his list of references, the reader would find "No. 1—an old-fashioned love-story," and, running his eye along, would see "No. 2—unnatural view of life and events, supposed to be adapted for Sunday-schools and serious readers"; "No. 3—originality and freedom of thought the intention; vulgarity and slang the result"; or, "No. 4—discussion of moral and social problems, without reference to facts of any kind." This simple plan not being yet in general use, we are obliged to say that 'An American Girl and her Four Years in a Boys' College' describes the triumphs of a young lady who has beauty, wonderful health and strength, and noble faculties, so that she makes her way unimpeded (the slight disagreeableness which she encounters are hardly impediments) through all hindrances of creed and custom, and obtains a distinguished position in "one of our best colleges." She skates, shoots, rescues young men from drowning, chops wood for exercise, refuses hapless young tutors who fall victims to her charms, is struck by lightning and consequently engaged to be married. Her lover proves a weak worldling, who would prefer that her gowns and her hair should be longer, misbehaves, and she frees herself from him and enters a medical school. There are some peculiarities of expression about the book, as where the American girl's eyes are described as "blue in the skylight and gray in the shadow"; and it may be briefly ranked as a No. 4.

*Prose and Verse:* Humorous, satirical, and sentimental. By Thomas Moore. With Notes edited by Richard Herne Shepherd, and a Preface by Richard Henry Stoddard. (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.)—Time's revenge upon an author may be regarded as complete when his poorest things are reprinted to punish him for having written good ones. Two editors have done their best for Moore's "uncollected writings," but they have, after all, brought forward no good reason for the collection. The verse in this book is of the poorest—the very lees of wit and fancy; while the prose consists largely, as Shelley said of Southey's conversation, of "long extracts from forgotten writers on unimportant subjects." There is scarcely a man now living who can take an honest interest in the claims of Lord Thurlow as a poet, or of Madame de Souza as a novelist; and though the Greek Fathers are intrinsically more interesting, the dapper little Irish poet treats them as if they were not. Mr. Stoddard, indeed, musters courage to pronounce this contribution "excellent"; but though we regret to differ from that gentleman in a matter of theological literature, we should call it a trivial and valueless essay. Poorer than any of the reviews, even, is the comedy of "M. P.; or, The Blue-Stocking"; and the reader's respect for Moore revives a little on being told (p. vii.) that he himself called this play "contemptible." The only part of the book that deserves printing or reading is comprised in the last thirty pages, containing "Notes for Life of Lord Byron, printed from the original MS." These notes are of much interest; they were deciphered with great difficulty, it is stated, from a quarto manuscript book of Moore's; and every student of Byron will be glad that they are preserved. Could these few pages have constituted the whole book, its value would have been more than doubled; for, as it is, many readers will fall asleep by the way, and never reach them.

\* Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Castlemore (H.), The Buried Treasure.....	(Porter & Coates)
Catalogue of the Public Library of the City of Taunton, Mass.....	(Taunton)
Chatterton (T.), Poetical Works.....	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) \$1 75
Codman (J.), Free ships, swd.....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 25
Collins (J. H.), Mineralogy.....	" 1 50
Harding (Rev. F. W.), Language and Languages.....	(E. P. Dutton & Co.) 2 50
Gréville (H.), Dostoevsky, Life of Christ, Parts 17-20, swd.....	(Cassell, Petter & Galpin) 1 25
Harding (E. J.), Cothurnus and Lyre.....	(Author's Pub. Co.) 1 50
Kettlewell (Rev. S.), Catechism on Gospel History, 3d ed.....	(Rivingtons)
Lewes (G. H.), On Actors and Acting.....	(Henry Holt & Co.) 1 50
Lockyer (J. N.), Stargazing, Past and Present.....	(Macmillan & Co.) 7 50
Meminger (Rev. R. W.), Reflections of a Recluse.....	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) 1 25
Moore (T.), Poetical Works, 3 vols.....	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 5 25
Morley (Susan), Margaret Chetwynd: a Tale.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
New Dictionary of the Latin and English Languages.....	(Henry Holt & Co.) 1 00
Phillips (H. Jr.), Poems from the Spanish and German.....	(Philadelphia)
Southall (J. C.), Epoch of the Mammoth.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Stewart (J. H.), New Jersey Digest, 1790-1876, 2 vols.....	(Geo. B. Adams)
Sweet (H.), Handbook of Phonetics.....	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 75
Tulloch (J.), Pascal.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Walker (Prof. F. A.), Reports and Awards, International Exhibition, 1876, Groups IV., IX., XII., XV., XVII., swd.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)



